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THE BYSTANDER
September 25, 1940.

The BYSTANDER

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MINISTRY OF FOOD

THE WEEK'S FOOD FACTS No 9

Remember to turn on the Wireless at 8.15 every morning.

"AN army marches on its stomach." In this war, where every kitchen is in the front line, we *all* march on our stomachs.

Today science offers to help us to victory on the kitchen front. Everyone knows that certain foods are needed for energy and for body-building. But do you realise that other foods (rich in vitamins and mineral salts) are essential for *protecting us from illness?* Below there is a list of these 'medicine' foods, which science calls the *protective* foods. Read on if you want to know what to eat for health.

ON THE KITCHEN FRONT

CHIEF PROTECTIVE FOODS

Milk	Potatoes
Butter or Margarine	Green Vegetables (fresh or canned but not dried)
Cheese	Salads
Eggs	Fruit (fresh or canned but not dried)
Herrings (fresh, canned or salt)	Carrots
Salmon (fresh or canned)	Tomatoes
Liver	Wholemeal Bread

TWO WAYS OF PRESERVING TOMATOES.

Tomato Puree. Wash the tomatoes and cut in quarters; heat in a covered saucepan until they are quite soft. A quarter-ounce of salt and a quarter-ounce of sugar to each two pounds of tomatoes may be added if desired. Rub the pulp through a sieve. Return it to the pan and reheat. Pour immediately into clean *hot* jars and seal either with mutton fat, or with three or four rounds of thin paper brushed with home-made paste and pressed down firmly one on top of the other over the neck of each jar.

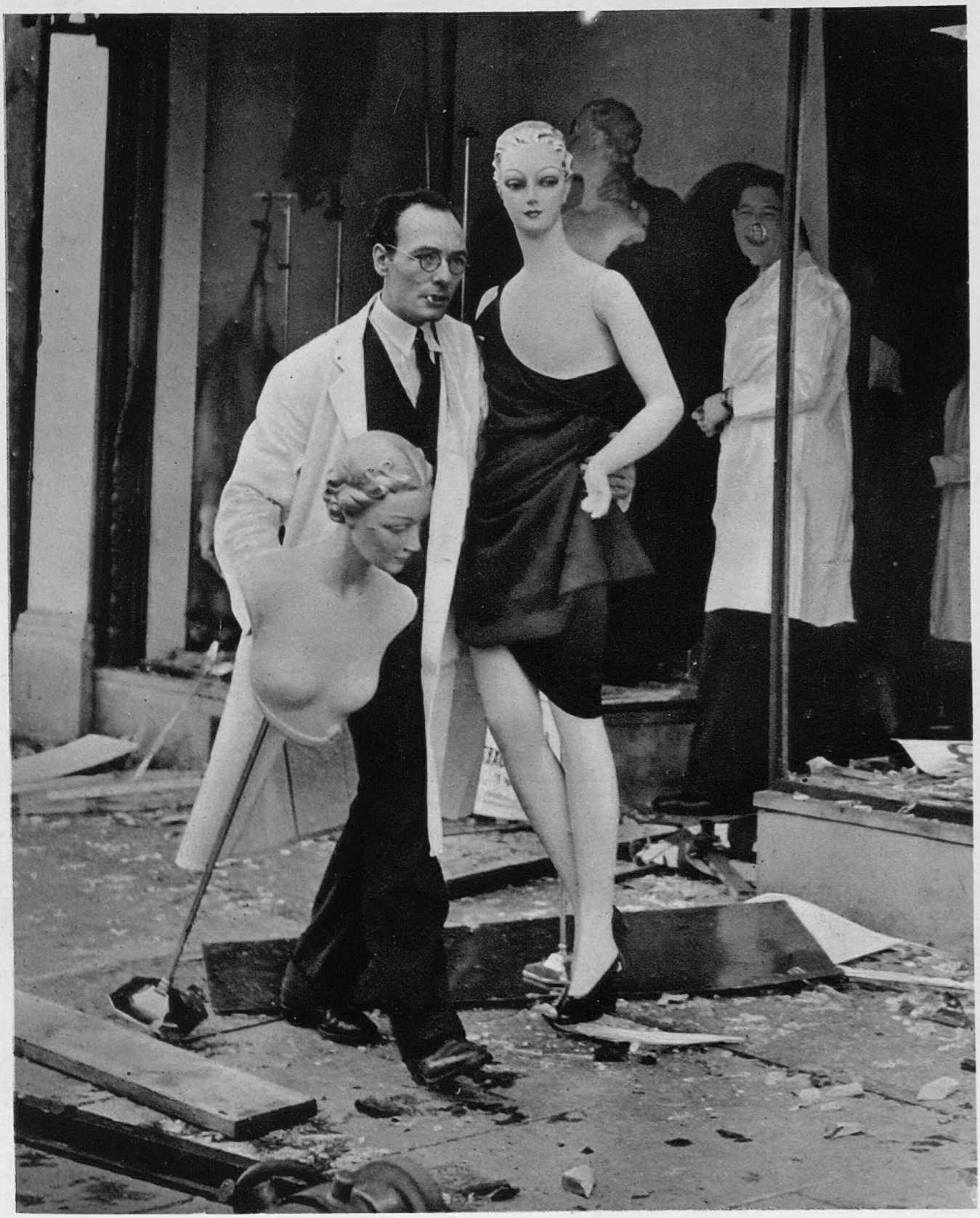
Skinned whole Tomatoes in Brine. Blanch the tomatoes in boiling water for about half-a-minute; then put in cold water. Peel the tomatoes and pack in screw-band or clip-top jars. Cover with brine made from half an ounce of salt to one quart of water. A very little sugar (about a quarter of an ounce) may be added to the brine if desired. Sterilise in the same way as for bottled fruit, but raise the temperature to 190° F. in 1½ hours and maintain this temperature for 30 minutes.

SWEDES AND TURNIPS EN CASSEROLE.

Don't always eat your swedes and turnips with meat. They are excellent food and make a satisfying course by themselves. Peel 2 lbs. of swedes or turnips and cut them into fairly large pieces. Fry lightly and place them in a hot casserole with a well-fitting lid. Season well and just cover with stock. Put on the lid and cook in a moderate oven for about 1 hour, or until tender. Sprinkle the dish with chopped parsley before serving it.

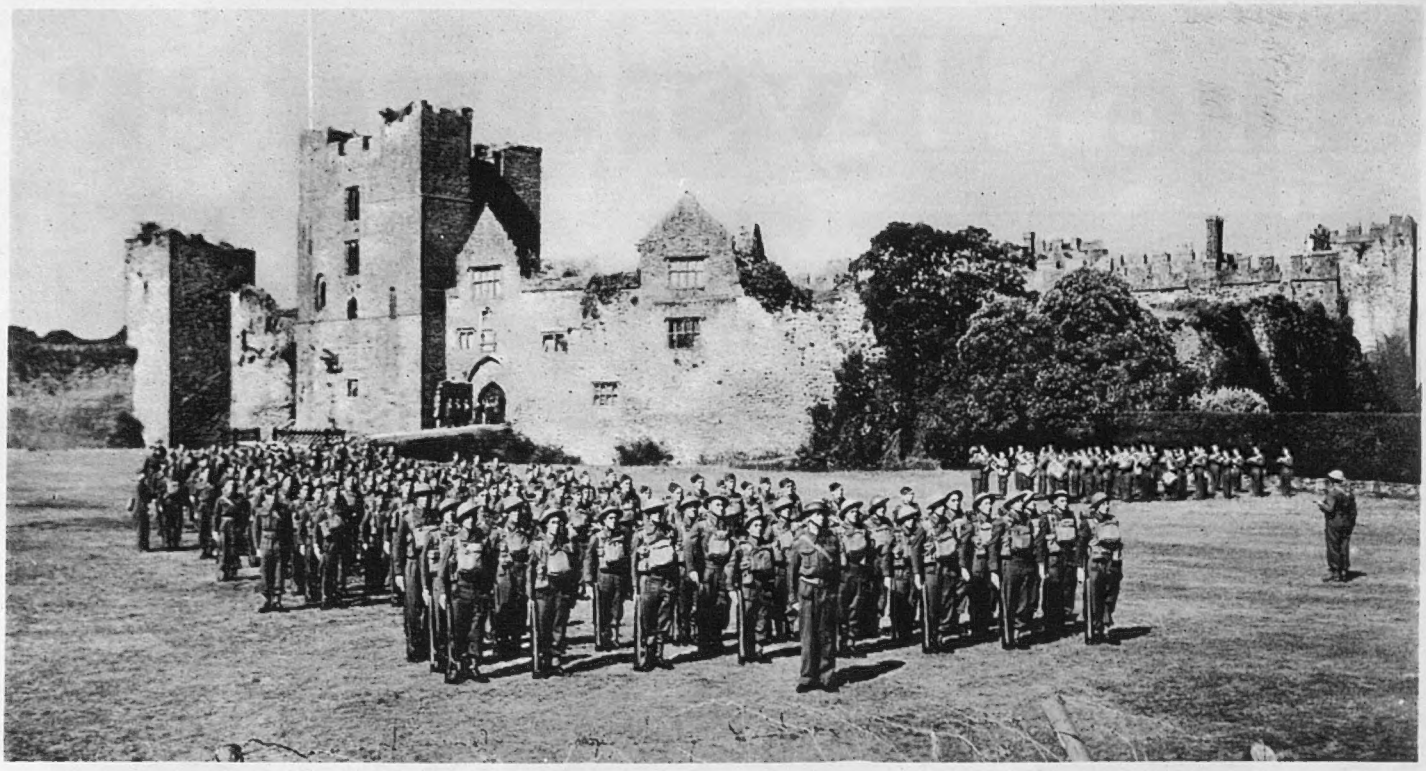
THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, S.W.1

The Bystander



"Sorry You Have Been Troubled, Madam!"

Some famous wax figures vanished in flames during the first air-raid week-end when Mme. Tussaud's was hit. Last week the hard-working anonymous dummies of Oxford Street woke up morning after morning to find themselves knee-deep in glass. Decently draped in black, this lady from the gown and mantle department of a big store was lifted out of the wreckage by one shop assistant, while another stood laughing at her fate. More pictures of West End raid damage on pp. 410-11



The Modern Army Parades Before a Fortress of Past Battles

The Passing Hour

Wartime Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

IF ever men deserved the V.C., it is Lieutenant Davies and his five men of the Bomb Disposal Section. The story of the bomb at the foot of St. Paul's is one of the greatest bits of icy-cold heroism that has ever been displayed. It was known from the first that the bomb was a big one, and it was desperately important to try and get it out before the time-fuse went off. So Lieutenant Davies started to dig. Soon he found that a gas-pipe had been broken, and three of his men were gassed. Then the escaping gas caught fire, and men from the Gas Company had to be summoned to extinguish the fire. All the time, none of them knew how near the flames might be to the bomb.

To continue the story. After the fire was put out, Lieutenant Davies and his men went on digging. They had to go down to 27½ feet before they came to the bomb, and they found that it was the Father and Mother of all bombs. It was huge and shiny, and covered with fuse knobs. Very cautiously, tackle was secured round it, and very slowly two motor-lorries dragged the monster out inch by inch. It was eight feet high and weighed about a ton. Then, on the third day, it was hoisted on to a lorry, and Lieutenant Davies himself drove it to Hackney Marshes. There the bomb was deposited and exploded. It made a crater 30 yards across. Without any doubt whatever it would have brought down the whole of St. Paul's, the seventh largest church in Christendom.

THE Italian advance along the coast of North Africa may have a much deeper significance than appears at the moment. The Italians are not hotheads. They seldom do anything unless they can see a large profit to themselves. At first sight they seem to be undertaking a very hazardous operation. They are proposing to advance 350 miles to Alexandria along a road that is under fire from the air and the sea. Furthermore, their main base, Tripoli, is 750 miles from the frontier and their advanced base, Benghazi, is 350 miles from it. But the Italians almost always have a reason for what they do, even if it isn't always a noble reason.

OBVIOUSLY I shall be accused of being a Bolshevik of the reddest variety if I say that more and more I find it difficult to understand how we are going to fight this war on the old basis of our social order. Last week, fifty homeless men, women and children from the East End were caught in the Strand by an air raid (probably the fiftieth raid they had been in during six days). They trooped for shelter into the Savoy, and were ordered to leave on the grounds that the Savoy was private property. Being accustomed to a society in which everyone helps everyone else in time of trouble, they very naturally declined to go, and the management of the Savoy prudently climbed down.

ANOTHER parallel story comes from a friend. An old match-seller was selling matches near Marble Arch. Trade was very bad because people were hurrying to get home, and the seller was very old and very, very poor. Then the sirens sounded and the shell splinters began to rain down into the street. The old man could see no public shelter, so he slipped into the entrance of a big hotel. The porter at once turned him out into the street, saying that he was not properly dressed.

THE Government made provision many months ago for tens of thousands of casualties against the day when London should be bombed. Happily, the casualties have only been a tenth of what was expected. But, strangely enough, the Government made practically no provision for people whose homes were destroyed. It is true that a number of Rest Centres have been established, but they were quite inadequate, both for staff and for equipment. Things are improving a little now, but it is surely a very poor boast for the Home Office to say that, "Generally speaking, the people have had one hot meal a day."

THE use of tube stations during raids in London will, I hope, have been settled before these lines appear. In earlier, far-off days, when I was an air-raid warden, I made urgent representation to the Authorities at the Home Office, that the public should be allowed to use Underground stations as shelters. Their reply was that the stations must be kept open for transport, and could not be used as shelters. The answer to that was simple. If the gates of the station were locked, they would not be open for transport, and if the gates of the station were open, they would be rushed by the populace. It is so very seldom that I have ever been right in these pages, that I now record that everything I said has come true. The people simply buy a twopenny ticket and park on the platforms. So what?

(*Concluded on page* 388)

The Portrait and the Artist

"Missing, Believed Killed"

A Young Airman's Portrait, Painted by Frank O. Salisbury, was Unveiled by Sir Archibald Sinclair

On Wednesday last week the Secretary of State for Air was the guest of honour at the National Defence Public Interest Committee luncheon. Before he gave his account of the recent work and achievements of the R.A.F., he unveiled a portrait by Frank Salisbury of the young pilot whose letter to his mother, found among his belongings after he had been reported "Missing—believed killed," was published in the *Times* in June and later reprinted in leaflet form. The chairman, Lord Nathan (inset here, with Sir Archibald Sinclair), explained that after reading the airman's letter Mr. Salisbury wanted to paint the portrait as his tribute to the young pilot's gallantry. It was painted with the help of the boy's mother, in whose keeping it will remain. She herself was present at the luncheon. Sir Archibald Sinclair paid his own tribute in these words: "It is my privilege to unveil this portrait of a young airman who gave his life for his country, but who will live for ever in the vibrant prose in which he expressed the spirit of the Service to which he belonged. Our hearts go out to his family, who are represented here to-day. That young airman in his letter lit a torch which his comrades will keep burning and will hand on, and which will light our path through grim ordeals to victory and peace." The letter itself is reprinted on the right.

DEAREST MOTHER,—Though I feel no premonition at all, events are moving rapidly, and I have instructed that this letter be forwarded to you should I fail to return from one of the raids which we shall shortly be called upon to undertake. You must hope on for a month, but at the end of that time you must accept the fact that I have handed my task over to the extremely capable hands of my comrades of the Royal Air Force, as so many splendid fellows have already done.

First, it will comfort you to know that my role in this war has been of the greatest importance. Our patrols far out over the North Sea have helped to keep the trade routes clear for our convoys and supply ships, and on one occasion our information was instrumental in saving the lives of the men in a crippled lighthouse relief ship. Though it will be difficult for you, you will disappoint me if you do not at least try to accept the facts dispassionately, for I shall have done my duty to the utmost of my ability. No man can do more, and no one calling himself a man could do less.

I have always admired your amazing courage in the face of continual setbacks; in the way you have given me as good an education and background as anyone in the country; and always kept up appearances without ever losing faith in the future. My death would not mean that your struggle has been in vain. Far from it. It means that your sacrifice is as great as mine. Those who serve England must expect nothing from her; we debase ourselves if we regard our country as merely a place in which to eat and sleep.

History resounds with illustrious names who have given all, yet their sacrifice has resulted in the British Empire, where there is a measure of peace, justice and freedom for all, and where a higher standard of civilization has evolved, and is still evolving, than anywhere else. But this is not only concerning our own land. To-day we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honoured to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale. For this I have to thank you. Yet there is more work for you to do. The home front will still have to stand united for years after the war is won. For all that can be said against it, I still maintain that this war is a very good thing; every individual is having the chance to give and dare all for his principle like the martyrs of old. However long time may be, one thing can never be altered—I shall have lived and died an Englishman. Nothing else matters one jot, nor can anything ever change it.

You must not grieve for me, for if you really believe in religion and all that it entails that would be hypocrisy. I have no fear of death; only a queer elation. . . . I would have it no other way. The universe is so vast and so ageless that the life of one man can only be justified by the measure of his sacrifice. We are sent to this world to acquire a personality and a character to take with us that can never be taken from us. Those who just eat and sleep, prosper and procreate, are no better than animals if all their lives they are at peace.

I firmly and absolutely believe that evil things are sent into the world to try us; they are sent deliberately by our Creator to test our mettle because He knows what is good for us. The Bible is full of cases where the easy way out has been discarded for moral principles.

I count myself fortunate in that I have seen the whole country and known men of every calling. But with the final test of war I consider my character fully developed. Thus at my early age my earthly mission is already fulfilled and I am prepared to die with just one regret, and one only—that I could not devote myself to making your declining years more happy by being with you; but you will live in peace and freedom and I shall have directly contributed to that, so here again my life will not have been in vain.

Your loving Son,

Passing Hour

(Continued from page 386)

A NOTABLE example of public spirit comes from Manchester. Messrs. R. P. Lawson and Sons, a big firm of dyers, have an air-raid shelter for 700 people fitted up with wooden benches, heating apparatus, a sick bay, and all the usual A.R.P. services. The firm is not working a night shift, and so the directors have opened the shelter between 7 o'clock at night and 7 in the morning to the people living in the small ramshackle houses all round. They have even instituted a system of special " early doors " for old people and women with young children.

THE Blitzkrieg has hit the chorus-girl pretty hard. Hundreds of them turned up at their theatres on the Monday after the Blitzkrieg started, and found the doors closed. No notice, no week's pay. Just a closed door. The stars, on the other hand, at least can troop into the B.B.C. In the next few weeks, John Gielgud will be broadcasting, and so will Jack Buchanan, Flanagan and Allen, Emlyn Williams, Greta Gynt and Stanley Lupino.

IT must give the Polish airmen and the Czechoslovak airmen a savage joy to be once again in action against the swine who have destroyed their countries. And this time they are not handicapped by old machines and terrible inferiority of numbers. They are flying the latest fighters and bombers, and are revelling in their opportunities. The Poles have been longer in the field, and they have many victories to their credit already. The Czechs have only been about six weeks learning how to handle their new machines, but they did a fine bit of work the other day over the Brussels Airport, and both Czechs and Poles fought in the great battle of September 15th.

AFTER the great air battle of September 15th, in which 185 German aeroplanes were shot down, the German authorities admitted that they were a little bit surprised at the opposition, and they went on to say that the British had obviously concentrated over London all the fighters they could mobilise. In the Prime Minister's message to the Fighter Command on the same day, Mr. Churchill used the significant phrase : " Using only a small proportion of their total strength, they cut to rags and tatters three separate waves of murderous assault upon the civil population of their native land."

THERE seems to be a halt in the various schemes for sending children across the Atlantic, so perhaps it would be an opportune moment to ask how Captain Cunningham Reid, M.P., is getting on with his work on behalf of Mrs. Cromwell. You will remember that the gallant captain left for a moment his constituency in Marylebone and dashed altruistically and quixotically across the Atlantic to act as agent for Mrs. Cromwell in the matter of the evacuation of 500 children under Mrs. Cromwell's auspices. The honourable and gallant member for Marylebone was last reported in Honolulu. I wonder how many children he has settled in Honolulu so far, in addition, that is to say, to his own two who are with him. I look forward to hearing the names of the other 498.

AN angry gentleman has written to Mr. J. B. Priestley, pointing out with a good deal of violence that the Landed Gentry are the backbone of the country. Mr. Priestley has replied that he always understood that a backbone was indispensable, and he asked which of the two are indispensable at the moment—the Landed Gentry, or the industrial workers.

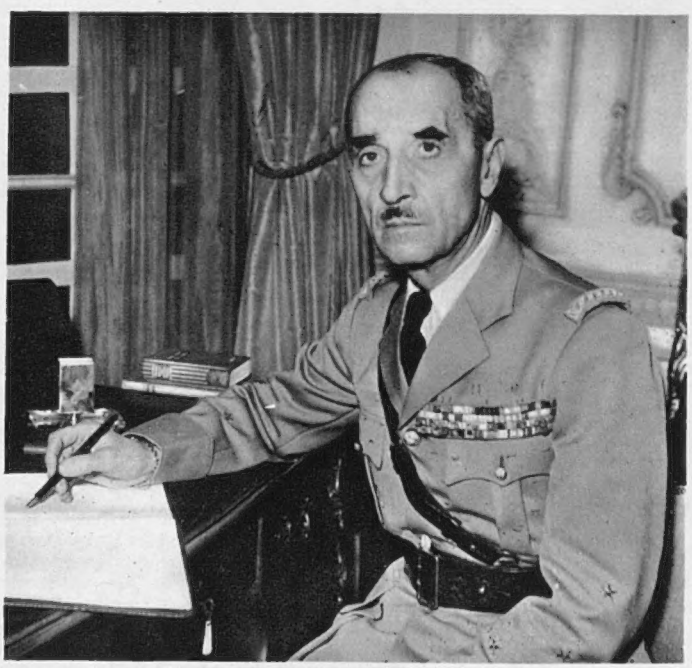
MR. HARRY NEVINSON, that veteran champion of freedom, writes to the *Manchester Guardian* recalling a story of more than two thousand years ago. Philip of Macedon, having subdued most of Greece, advanced upon Sparta, the last stronghold. He sent in front of him a message : " If I come to Sparta, I shall lay waste the city, slaughter the men and sell the women into slavery." The Spartans sent back the shortest answer on record, the word " If."

Netherlands Prince at Cenotaph

Prince Bernhard placed a wreath on the Cenotaph at Queen Wilhelmina's request on Prinsjesdag, the day on which the Queen used to open the Netherlands Parliament, to express the solemnity of the Netherlands-British alliance. After placing the wreath, Prince Bernhard drove to Westminster Abbey, where he laid another wreath at the statue of King William III. and Queen Mary

Aluminium Chairman at a Foundry

Mr. A. Layton Bennett, chairman of the Aluminium Board, wearing thick asbestos gloves, pours the molten aluminium from the millions of pots and pans given up by British housewives after Lord Beaverbrook's appeal for the metal. The pots are broken up, cleaned, and then melted down into aluminium ingots. From here they are sent to aircraft production factories, whence they emerge as fighters and bombers for the R.A.F.



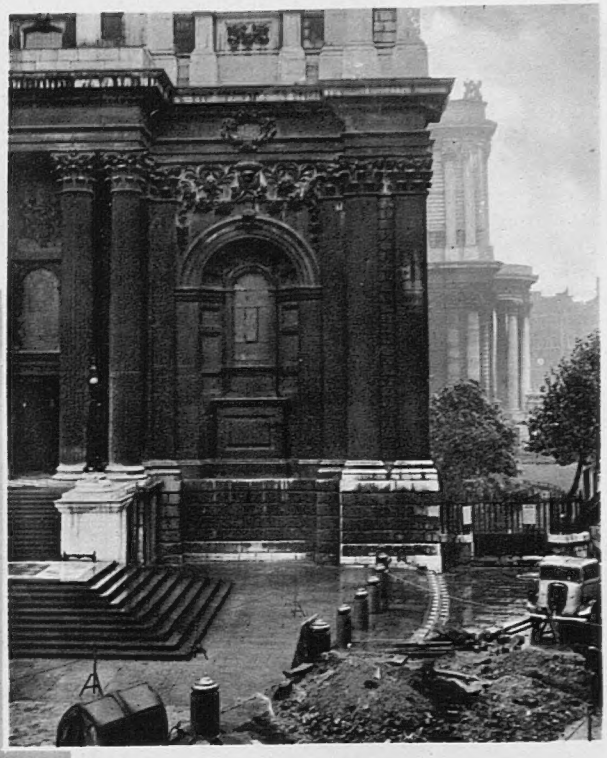
Governor of Indo-China in London

General Georges Catroux, former Governor of French Indo-China, has arrived in London to join the Free French Forces of General de Gaulle. General Catroux was superseded by the Vichy Government when he refused to carry out their instructions. " Each new proof of British resistance amplifies the movement in France and the Colonies toward all those who have at heart the cause of the Free French Forces," stated General Catroux

Saviours of St. Paul's

Royal Engineers at Work in the City

Lieutenant R. Davies, centre, who commanded the removal squad, said of his men, "I have never known a finer set of fellows"



Under the corner of St. Paul's the eight-foot-long cylinder of destruction lay embedded deep in London clay, where it was slipping down beneath the great Cathedral. Here is the hole from which it was dug out

Amongst the first-line defenders of London can certainly be counted the bomb-disposal unit of the Royal Engineers, for they are the men who render harmless and remove any unexploded or delayed-action bombs that the Germans drop in their nocturnal raids. Most spectacular achievement was the recent removal from St. Paul's of a heavy high-explosive bomb. Had it gone off, unpredictable damage to the Cathedral and the surrounding district would have been done. This is only one example of the magnificent work done daily by these men of cool courage and devotion to duty. Along with the Army, tribute is due to the civilian workers who shared in the removal of the St. Paul's bomb. Members of the gas company dealt with fires from broken mains caused by the bomb's fall—fires which might have caused disaster

"Working hard. Very busy. Love—Dad." That was the telegram received by Mrs. Davies and her daughter Edith at home in Plymouth, from their husband and father, who risked his life to remove a source of danger to thousands. When home, Lieut. Davies' favourite relaxation is said to be reading thrillers

With the one-ton bomb loaded on a fast lorry, Lieut. Davies drove it swiftly through London to the Hackney Marshes, where it exploded afterwards and caused this 100-foot crater

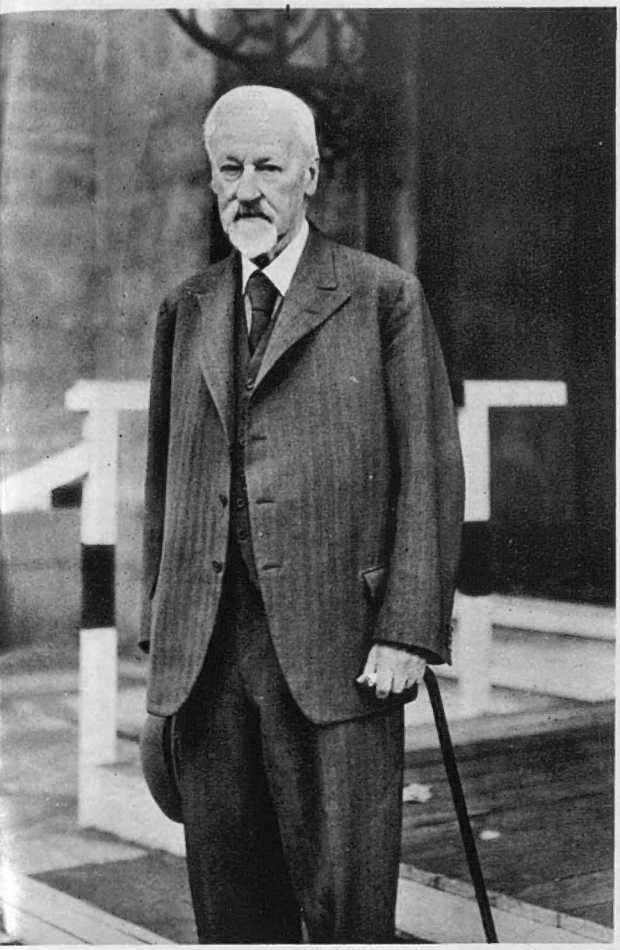
H. G. Wells *was one of the guests of honour at the last Foyle's luncheon, at which Mr. Duff Cooper spoke on "Books and Freedom." Among Mr. Wells' own most recent political books are "The New World Order" and a Penguin Special, "The Common Sense of War and Peace," and a "parable," published last Friday, called "All Aboard for Ararat"*

Elinor Glyn *was another of the many authors at the lunch which the indefatigable Miss Christina Foyle held to celebrate the opening of the "Books and Freedom" exhibition organised by the National Book Council on behalf of the Ministry of Information*

People

Mr. Chamberlain *got back to work in Downing Street two weeks ago, after his illness, and he and Mrs. Chamberlain have been out daily for the famous morning walk in St. James's Park. The Lord President of the Council had an operation late in July, and went to the country in the middle of August for a month's convalescence, mixed with official work sent down to him from London*

Trio *who had been having lunch at the Ritz were Mrs. William Gorringe, Viscount French and his sister, Lady Patricia French. He is the Earl of Ypres' heir, and grandson of the late Field-Marshal, will be nineteen in December. His sister is two years older*



Henry Nevinson *was yet another Foyle's luncheon celebrity. He has always been preoccupied with the theory and practice of freedom ; for example, among his publications appear the following titles : " Essays in Freedom " (1909), " The Growth of Freedom " (1912), " Essays in Rebellion " (1913), " Essays in Freedom and Rebellion " (1921), " England's Voice of Freedom " (1929)*

Lady Maureen Stanley, *Colonel Mardon, and the Hon. Mrs. Freddie Cripps got a bomb mixed up in their lives last week. The bomb landed without exploding in a North-East coast town hotel where they were staying, and they had to move out in the clothes they stood up in till one of the R.E. heroes rendered it harmless next day. Lady Maureen Stanley was out when the bomb arrived, but she rushed back and up to her room to get her Peke, which actually had already been removed to safety*

in the Lighter News of the Week

Lady Kemsley *took time off for a West End lunch from her hard work as head of the " Daily Sketch " War Relief Fund, which is the most important of the Berry family's many war charity concerns*

Lady Prichard-Jones *was also out and about in the damaged West End. She is the wife of Sir John Prichard-Jones, Bt., was Heather Nugent before her marriage. Her husband is now in the Army*

The Duchess of Kent *paid a visit recently to the 5th Canadian Hospital, and was escorted round by Viscountess Astor, M.P., and Colonel Lennox Arthur, O.C. the hospital, with her here. Miss Ellen Wilkinson, M.P., was also a member of the party. Another of the Duchess's official visits last week was to the Postal Censorship Department at the Ministry of Information*

Captain and Mrs. David Niven

Who Were Married Last Saturday

On Monday last week it was announced that Captain David Niven was engaged to Miss Primula Rollo, and on Saturday morning they were to be married at Huish, in Wiltshire. David Niven gave up his star career in Hollywood at the beginning of the war and came back to be a soldier, is now a captain in the Rifle Brigade. He is one of the few young men from this country who, starting more or less from scratch, have been able to compete with Hollywood screen heroes in their own studios. *Bachelor Mother*, with Ginger Rogers, was one of his last and best films. He is the younger son of the late W. G. Niven and the late Lady Comyn-Platt, of Carswell Manor, Berks., and was in the Army for five years before he started looking for adventure and a new kind of life in the Western hemisphere. He is thirty-five, thirteen years older than his wife

Miss Primula Rollo

Primula Rollo, now Mrs. David Niven, is the only daughter of Flight Lieut. William Rollo, M.C., and Lady Kathleen Rollo. Her father fought in the last war, and in peacetime was a solicitor. Her mother is the Marquess of Downshire's sister. Their homes are Cold Blew, Oare, in Wiltshire, and 18a, Charles Street, Berkeley Square. Primula Rollo is a W.A.A.F. officer, and her mother is a Company Commander in the A.T.S.

Photographs by Anthony Beauchamp and Harlip

Capt. David Niven, the Rifle Brigade

The tiny part of Neville Chamberlain is delightfully acted

Winston Churchill is impressively played by BYNF158/4

MGNX73/5 put up a magnificent show as Herr Hitler

The Theatre: By Herbert Farjeon

"Dear Old 1940" (New Vic), being an extract from the "Bystander" of October 2nd, 2040

THIS diverting and instructive play takes us back to the last elysian days of overground life, when there was no civilian who did not daily see the sky, breathe the fresh air, and enjoy the beauties conferred on a now subterranean world by nature. The war, as every schoolchild knows, had then only just begun and was a comparatively mild affair, but ARND97/1, whose dialogue is always so witty, entertainingly shows us how grimly the arcadian conditions under which his characters lived were then regarded. One of the most amusing scenes in the piece presents a family sitting in a suburban back-garden with many flowers. An air raid takes place. They dash for shelter. Only one of them is injured. Yet when they come out into the garden again, it is to bemoan the times in which they live—this as the sunlight pours down upon them, and the birds sing in the trees, and a thousand and one blessings, now unknown to man, surround them on every side!

IF in *Dear Old* 1940, ARND97/1 somewhat exaggerates the pleasures of the past, this does not invalidate his argument that man has never been content with his lot because he has mistakingly striven to achieve something better, instead of putting forward all his efforts to avoid something worse. "Assume the best," he says, "and despair will inevitably ensue. Assume the worst, and at least there will be the satisfaction of relief." This is brave thinking. And even to-day, when we visit the New Vic and are refreshed by the pictures of astonishing beauty presented on the stage, have we not much to be thankful for? The lighting of the outdoor scenes has been specially supervised by military advisers, who come to their task with a first-hand knowledge of the upper world. We question whether there were really sailing-boats on the water in Regent's Park in September 1940; but, truth or fiction, this alone is well worth the money.

AS usual at the New Vic, the acting is of the highest order. After his two magnificent performances as BLNG186/9 and STWF42/2, it was not surprising to find MGNX73/5 putting up such a magnificent show as Herr Hitler, though it must be confessed that for once he seemed inclined to rant a little. FSHK143/4 contributes a very delicate piece of work as General Goering, of whose character the authors take quite a new view. LHRM98/89 makes a very funny Goebbels and keeps the audience in a roar. Of the Englishmen in the play the performances are less interesting, but we have never yet seen an Eden or a Duff Cooper better than those now at the New Vic. In both cases, the work is thoroughly sound, if a little lacking in majesty. Winston Churchill is impressively played by BYNF158/4, though the producer should certainly correct his pronunciation of the word "Nazi." The tiny part of Neville Chamberlain is delightfully acted by GKNF176/43.

A very funny Goebbels

We have never yet seen an Eden or a Duff Cooper better

Sketches by Sallon

FSHK143/4 contributes a very delicate piece of work as General Goering

Standing By . . .

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

RUMOURS that the Winged Victory and the Monna Lisa have already been conveyed to Germany sound probably true, Hitler being one of those wealthy art-collectors who can resist anything but temptation, every collector being a crook at heart. The theft, once more, of the Monna Lisa leaves us personally cool enough. Having spent much time in contemplating that peevish, simpering pan and trying in vain to discover where Slogger Walter Pater got the inspiration for his celebrated and deleterious piece of mysticocarderie (*"she is older than the rocks on which she sits . . ."*), our conclusion is that the Slogger was being impish in the best donnish manner, and pulling the leg of the Island Race. He certainly succeeded, judging by the clusters of smooth, round, pink, awe-struck tourist pans you could find gaping reverently at Leonardo's canvas any day of the week when the Louvre was open. Few dons' jokes ever attain this resounding success, being mostly parochial, obscure, pedantic, dull, and often lewd, in a tedious giggly way ; but Pater's bit of whimsy has even penetrated into Italy. "Commediante" was the word a highly cultivated Italian critic once applied to the Slogger, his own explanation of the Gioconda Smile being much simpler and more likely, and much more amusing. However, there is no literary flubdub about the Nike, the Winged Victory, that marvellous work, which seemed always to be about to fly and soar from its pedestal at the top of the Louvre staircase, and we could envy Hitler his temporary possession. To do the little man justice, his Austrian blood will prevent his decorating the Victory with grease-paint mustachios or using it as a target for after-dinner revolver practice, in the artless old Prussian and Puritan way. All the harder, of course, to part with this major bit of what Slogger Kipling called the lu-lu-loot when the time comes.

Which reminds us of that red stone statue of the ex-Kaiser as the Prophet Daniel which was stuck up in a niche outside Metz Cathedral in his palmy days, all those years ago. The Prophet's fierce challenging mustachios must be somewhat irksome to a successor with quieter tastes in lip-moss. Maybe the local Gauleiter has by now had them chipped into a seemlier pattern ?

"You 'd sleep better if you took off your boots and stopped thinking about bombs, Sarah"

Rise

A LIFT-BOY described as a Fifth Columnist—how oddly, by the way, the words "Fifth Column," first applied by a Spaniard of the Right to fellow-Spaniards of the Right in the enemy's midst, have changed their meaning—now sits under the benevolent Nazi eye in the Editor's chair of *Paris-Soir*, and another faëry fantasy has become fact. The original fantasy, one of the best known in British journalism, was constructed by the late Charles Hands, that brilliant special correspondent and delightful companion. Quitting the lift at Carmelite House one day with Lord Northcliffe, Hands very gravely and courteously raised his hat to the lift-boy. "He may be Editor of the *Daily Mail* next week," Hands explained casually to the Napoleon of Fleet Street, his employer, as they left the building. This particular prediction never came true, but now it has really happened in Paris there is no reason why it shouldn't in London, and, indeed, there are thoughtful people who allege that at least two large-circulation Organs of Opinion are edited by lift-boys already but they won't 'fess up, though Heaven knows if they did it would bind those boys to their enormous ham-faced publics with hoops of steel. We dare believe the new Editor of *Paris-Soir* will not find the job beyond the range of his talents ; it is, or was, an evening paper conducted on "modern" lines, that is to say, as closely to New York tabloid ideals as the French (a civilised race after all) could be expected to get. The editorial chair of *Figaro* or *Le Matin* would be much more difficult to fill even now ; which reminds us that the gulf between Paris and London journalism can be very meetly demonstrated by the fact that some years ago the food served in the staff canteen of *Le Matin*—or it may have been *Le Temps*—was recognised by gourmets as ranking with the best cookery in Paris. But in vital matters there is, or was, not much difference. The novelist Francis Carco, for example, was once on the reporting staff of Clemenceau's paper *L'Homme Enchaîné*. One day the news-editor told him to get a symposium of Parisian opinion on Clemenceau's latest speech in the Chamber. "And what was that ?" asked Carco politely. "Good God !" cried the news-editor, pale as death. "Don't say you don't read the Old Man's speeches first thing every morning !" It appeared that Carco did not, and he was accordingly fired on the spot. A simple incident, for which one could provide many Fleet Street parallels.

"It's no use, old boy, I can't hear a word you say with that oaf bellowing"

The pomps and glories of this world being but dust, we would fraternally recommend the new Editor of *Paris-Soir* to brush up occasionally on his lift work. It is a terrible thing when an editor is flung out on the world and can find no useful job.

Prophetess

ALWAYS mildly interested in white magic, we observe that La Belle Tabouis is making quite a thing of long-distance soothsaying and divination of European affairs from her New York retreat, judging by the articles she contributes to one of our Sunday papers, two pages away from Old Moore. If it was difficult to read Hitler's mind in advance from Paris, it is surely about ten times as difficult to do it from New York ? (Incidentally Madame's Sunday

editor has stopped quoting Hitler's own tribute to her powers of mind-reading, realising by now, we take it, that the Fuehrer was being heavily ironic, not to say derisive.) However, La Tabouis continues to prophesy with the old aplomb, aware perhaps that such a feat has not staggered the world since the last of the Chaldean magicians laid down his ivory wand and the last of the Babylonian warlocks turned a glazing eye on the Magic Numbers.

Meanwhile, we keep asking ourselves, how is Monsieur Tabouis ? Since reading some time ago in a gossipy Paris paper that Monsieur was a quiet, businesslike gentleman in the radio trade—whether wholesale or retail we forget—we 've found him slightly more sympathique than Madame, just as Mr. Beeton, always seems to us more interesting a type than his famous Mrs. The same goes for Mr. Humphrey Ward, Mr. Marlene Dietrich, Monsieur Récamier, Signor Tetrazzini, the Marquis Dubarry, Mr. Mary Baker Eddy, Mr. Patrick Campbell, Mr. Blavatsky, and a score more husbands of headline babies, including one or two attached to current booksy girls in a big way who give us just one pang at the heart whenever we see them stealing modestly along in the shadows. Along the cool sequestered vale of life they keep the noiseless tenor of their way, and around their home-life we 've constructed in dreamy moments many a fanciful drama, pregnant with pity and terror. " Mr. Beeton ! Mr. Beeton ! Who gave you that bread and cheese ? "—wouldn't a cry like that take its place in domestic history along with the celebrated : " Henriette de Bourbon, take off my boots ! " ? Round the Tabouis home we 've never presumed to weave any drama more poignant than the sound of two voices heard at evening, one rather sharply, at a telephone saying : " Pardon *me*, Monsieur le Président, but——" and the other mumbling in a sort of monotone, " Ah, mon Dieu ! Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! "

Brinner

MIDDAY shows in the West End theatres during the night-bombing season may save a desperate situation, and the suggestion is well worth looking into. The principal objection is of course that to present any sort of theatrical show to a West End audience which isn't stupefied into acquiescence and insensibility by food and wine, rolling glazed eyes and glaring dumbly round, is, on the face of it, madness. But if Goering's boys continue their present tedious experiments, it may be that many of us will soon have to reshape our way of living accordingly, as is only sensible. Curtains in the West End can be rung up at noon, at four we roll home to bed—except the raffish dayclub set devoted to burning the candle at both ends, who will stay up maybe till six, or even seven, and at midnight we rise refreshed for the day's work, knocking off at 8 a.m. for cocktails and brinner (9.30-10 a.m.), the principal meal of the day. At first, perhaps, brinner will prove a little uneasy. It was an old Liberal custom, much favoured by Mr. Gladstone, to ask people to eat in company at 10, Downing Street, at this intempestive hour, and those political breakfasts may have been hell to the sensitive observer, if the truth were known : the Whiggish faces, the Whiggish talk, the Whiggish flavour of the cold game pie and scrambled eggs, the Whiggish sizzling of the urn, the untimely, half-aired atmosphere of Whiggery and priggery — faugh ! In that age practically everybody of note had a fearful liver and devoured enormous breakfasts (at home) in moody silence, enveloped in the *Times* and growling hideously every ten minutes. To-day, over a lighter breakfast of two tablets of aspirin and a glass of orange-juice, it is possible to converse, even—they tell us—to sparkle. We have ourselves heard of an agreeable rattle round Town who can hold a breakfast-table spellbound, an incredible thought to any Victorian or Edwardian. Hence if brinner became inevitable, most reasonable people could face if before long, we imagine ; especially if a good snoozy play by Mr. —— (name deleted by Censor) were to follow.

Course

AT the new (official) Home Guard training establishment at Hurlingham the authorities seem to have discreetly dropped one or two of the more—how shall one put it ?—distinctively Marxist methods promulgated at Osterley, such as the poisoning of drinking-supplies by chucking dead dogs in. However, the Hurlingham course is otherwise 100 per cent. impeccable, and we observe that Auntie *Times*, giving it her blessing, boldly admits that the fundamental object of the training is " the killing of as many Germans as possible." In the last war there was a strange universal coyness on this point. The disturbing behaviour of a well-known Guards instructor who used to encourage his pupils in bayonet-fighting with bloodthirsty and realist comments and cries was much commented on and held to be hardly cricket, and several clergymen and others who innocently supposed that the killing of Germans was the principal aim of the war were denounced by sensitive Press boys for saying so in public. To-day, per contra, we find Slogger A. A. Milne writing to the papers suggesting that to denounce German airmen as bad cricketers for shooting our pilots while baling out is illogical unless we are still regarding this war as a cricket-match. In which the Slogger is technically right, though to quote logic to the Island Race is in itself a blow beneath the bellyband, as all the world knows, and a dirty foreign trick which we personally denounce and abhor.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

" Well, sergeant, if you insist *on the details, the cigarette case was inscribed 'To my little piggy-wiggy from his tweeny-weeny mouse' "*

Films of the Day

No Way to Treat an Artist

By George Campbell

WHAT with a time-bomb in Regent Street that blighted a Press show at the New Gallery, and business so good at the other first-run cinemas that it would be a shame to make a change, or so bad that it wasn't worth changing, anyway—well, what with one thing and another, there was only one new film last week.

I am happy to recommend it. *I Was an Adventuress*, in the French version with Edwige Feuillère, was an agreeable bit of nonsense; and for once Hollywood has improved on the original. A tale of "con" men with a girl assistant has been slickly rewritten, with rather more wit and rather less sex; the tricksters' ruses would take in anybody; and for those who appreciate Art there is a mammoth ballet in which you can't see Zorina for dancers.

An ornamental young woman, the adventuress who effects most of her introductions by walking up to eligible strangers in a hotel lounge, accusing them of spreading malicious gossip, and slapping them on the face. But then, with a technique like that, I expect she has to be. Zorina plays her with poise, charm and a flair for clothes; Erich von Stroheim, always one of my favourite actors, is the Svengali of the piece; and Peter Lorre, so horrific in "*M*," is an engaging little fellow with an idealistic interest in Zorina and a weakness ("pathological," he says proudly) for kleptomania.

BUT it is not this amusing trifle that I want to discuss this week. Let's consider the sad plight of Samuel Goldwyn. "I'm not a tearful man," confessed Sam the other day, "but I saw something in New York the other day that nearly made me cry. It was a sign on the marquee of a movie theatre: *Dead End* and 100 *Men and a Girl*." What broke his heart, he explains, was not regret that he paid £40,000 for the film rights to the play *Dead End*, or that Deanna Durbin was not his property, or that both films were being offered to the public for sevenpence-halfpenny. "It was because, billed above both of them—the attraction to which the pictures were only secondary—was this: GIVEN AWAY TONITE—A KITCHEN RANGE. That sign was a slap in my face. It was a slap in the face of the writers, producers, directors and actors."

Things are certainly tough in Hollywood these days. What with the shortage of human beards, which used to come from Central and Eastern Europe, and the revenues that used to come from all Europe, and the money some of the English exiles burn up in cables describing their anxiety to return if only somebody would offer a better contract, and demanding news of furniture moved from London, and (in the case of one celebrated director) complaining bitterly about the breaking of three bottles of his vintage port—with afflictions like these all, Hollywood is gathered at the Wailing Wall. But this must not blunt us to the sufferings of a sensitive man—I mean, of course, Samuel Goldwyn, *né* Goldfish, the former glove salesman, an artist to his finger-tips—who has been slapped in the face with a kitchen range.

NOT that Sam is thinking of himself. It is the good of the industry that concerns him. He says Hollywood is on the verge of ruin. "The loss in American film attendances during the past ten years is appalling," moans Sam. "In 1930, an average of 80,000,000 movie tickets was sold each week. In 1940, despite the tremendous progress the movies have made, the average is something under 65,000,000. That means that the motion-picture industry is sick, mortally sick. And I'm absolutely certain that the cause is the double bill."

There we have it, the secret of the maestro's discontent. It makes Sam sick to the stomach, he says, when he sees a cinema shamelessly flaunting the sign "ALWAYS 3 NEW FEATURES—CASH PRIZES," which means, with shorts and trailers for the next programme, a six-hour show for 1s. 6d. Maybe the show is worth it, at that.

WHAT makes this double and treble bill curse even more annoying to Sam is that hardly anybody, in his considered view, really wants it. "To confirm my certainty"—note the Mogul's characteristically imperious attitude to statistics—"I have asked Dr. George H. Gallup to conduct a national poll on the question of whether audiences prefer double bills to single bills." The doctor's figures are not quite ready, but when Sam wants a thing he wants it. "Preliminary surveys," he says, are good enough. They show that three out of every four members of the general population do not want double bills, and that amongst the £5-a-week class which buys most of the higher-priced seats, the opposition is even greater.

Starting with this premise, Sam shows how "this infection spreads in a big city," with showmen outbidding each other with more and more attractions. It doesn't seem to occur to him that if his and the learned doctor's researches are sound, patrons should find these Marathon entertainments more and more repulsive. What Sam overlooks, of course, is that great masses of fans in America and here have nothing to do in the evenings and insist on a programme that will bridge the gap between a 6 or 6.30 meal and bedtime about 11. Phil Hyams, one of the brothers who own the huge Trocadero, at the Elephant and Castle, was greeted by a regular sixpenny patron with a solemn shake of the head. "Didn't you like the drama?" he inquired. The fan said that was all right. "And the comedy?" That was all right, too. "The shorts, news-reels, cartoon—didn't they suit you?" "No complaints, guv'nor." "Well, then, what *was* wrong?" "No organ recital," said the patron huffily, passing on.

NO, much as I hate to argue with Sam and question the doctor, I'm afraid there is no doubt the public likes a lot for its money. And a cynic might suggest that what really cuts Sam to the quick is the fact that two big films in the same programme, sharing the producers' percentage of the takings, bring just half as much each as a single feature would. But cynics are unpopular with producers, particularly Sam; and a slap in the face with a kitchen range—after all, that's no way to treat an artist.

"I Was an Adventuress" was the only new film showing in London (at the Odeon) last week. Our critic commends it in his article. The four leading parts are played by Richard Greene and Vera Zorina as hero and heroine, Erich von Stroheim and Peter Lorre as villains. Gregory Ratoff directed for producer Darryl F. Zannuck. (A full-page picture of Zorina appeared in last week's issue)

Compere Raymond Glendenning, below, points out to a lovely visitor the points of interest in St. George's Hall, where the B.B.C. stage all the Theatreland programmes. Before it was known as St. George's Hall, and as a B.B.C. studio, it was the Maskelyne and Devant Theatre. Here are presented all the B.B.C. features which call for the atmosphere of the stage and which can reply upon a good and co-operative audience

In a recent issue of the "Bystander" we gave prominence to the B.B.C. feature Theatreland, which programme gives short selections from current scenes of the various wartime London shows. This week we include again some aspects of another one of these popular programmes. The man before the microphone is C. B. Cochran, who talked about the theatre in wartime, just before the aerial offensive closed most shows. Flanagan and Allen supplied the comedy relief with "gags, puns and funny sayings." They appeared in George Black's new show, "Top of the World"

Theatreland

Excerpts from the Ether

Awaiting the red light that tells them "on the air" are these three participants in Theatreland. Elizabeth Cowell, the announcer, talks across Helen Breen of "Top of the World" to Eric Woodburn from "Revudeville." Since the air attacks on London began in earnest, "Revudeville" is one of the few shows that still remain open for the public's entertainment

From the 136th edition of "Revudeville" came Lesley Ormond, below, to sing "I'm an old-fashioned girl" in the modern way. She was accompanied by Peter Yorke and his Concert Orchestra. Also from "Revudeville" was Eric Woodburn. On the right is Raymond Glendenning, who acted as compere to the proceedings

The Minister, H.E. Mahommad Ali Mogaddam, has been at the Court of St. James's only since February of this year. But he already knew London, having spent two years here after the last war. Before that he lived for some years in Russia, was there during the Revolution, and since then has been his country's representative in Saudi Arabia, and in the Balkans with residence at Bucharest. He has also been Grand Maître des Cérémonies at his Imperial Majesty's Teheran Court

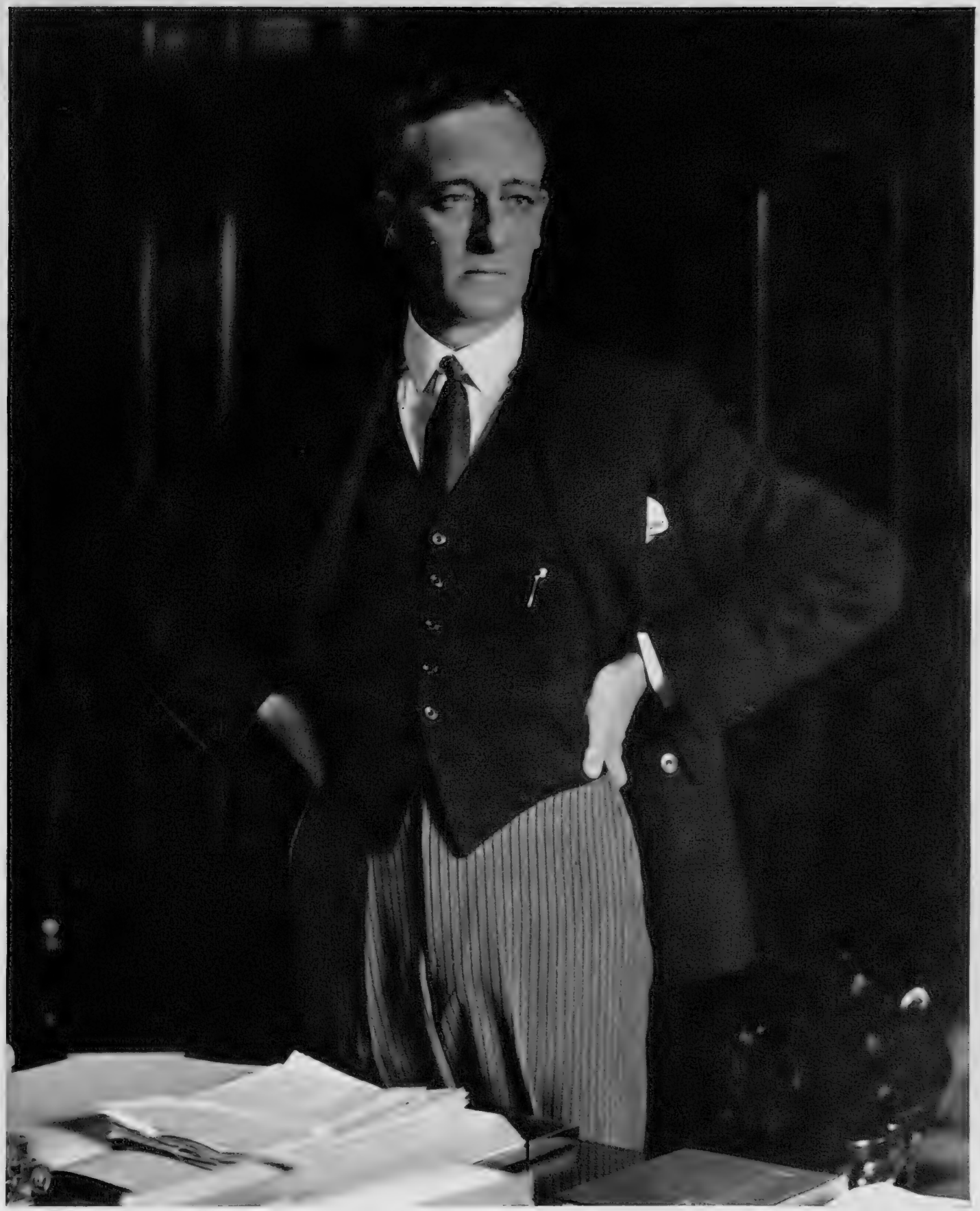
The "Bystander" visits the

Iranian Legation

"THIS country, which killed Alexander the Great and produced the Ardebil carpet, exists in several dimensions. On the horizontal plane it lies between the Caspian and the Persian Gulf and thus is a buffer between the Soviet Union and British India. Considered vertically it is a crust of rock . . . on top of some of the richest oil deposits in the world. From the point of view of time, it is one of the most ancient of States—and until recently one of the most dilapidated—brought by the energy and acumen of the present Shah to the threshold of modern times." So writes John Gunther of Iran in his *Inside Asia*. Its geographical position and its oil make this country one in whose every move Great Britain is vitally interested, the more so because the 50 to 60 million barrels of oil from the world's third largest wells are produced and marketed by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. Turkey and the U.S.S.R., the two neighbours with whom the Shah-in-Shah has the closest relations, both have Ambassadors in Teheran, in contrast with Great Britain, who has a Minister, Sir Reader Bullard, and the U.S., who have a Chargé d'Affaires. In London Reza Shah Pahlevi, soldier, moderniser, and dictator of his country, is represented by a Minister experienced both at home and abroad—in Russia, the Balkans, Saudi Arabia

***Standing** in front of a portrait of the Shah-in-Shah, because they must not sit in front of it, are F. Nabil, the Counsellor who acted as Chargé d'Affaires here for over two years; the Minister, and A. H. K. Hamzavi, the Press Attaché*

***The Minister's wife**, Mme. Mogaddam, has accompanied her husband on all his missions abroad, and likes her present London surroundings (air raids apart) at the Legation in Prince's Gate. Her small daughter already speaks two foreign languages, is learning English fast*



Sydney F. Waterson—General Smuts' Representative in London

South African High Commissioner in London is the Hon. Sydney F. Waterson. The representative of the Southern Dominion was born in England, and went to Cape Town as a child. He returned for his schooling to Westminster, where he was a King's Scholar when the last war broke out. Joining the British Army, he served in Salonika and France. He entered South African politics ten years ago as a supporter of General Smuts. When in the Dominion elections General Hertzog was defeated by Smuts, Mr. Charles te Water, the High Commissioner of the defeated party, resigned in sympathy. Mr. Waterson then became the new High Commissioner. Recently, General Smuts' Government scored another victory over its Nationalist opponents in the defeat of their peace motion. General Hertzog's party was voted down after a bitter and vicious session of the Assembly. Mr. Waterson is married and the father of a young son and daughter. Mrs. Waterson, small, attractive and animated, has done much admirable work in organising the evacuation of British children to Cape Town. She recently returned from South Africa, where she has made arrangements to assure the children a warm and pleasant reception

A Vickers-Wellington A.C.1 Bomber: By Roderigo Moynihan

A North-East Coast

The R.A.F. As War Artists Have Seen It

Seven Pictures from the National Gallery Exhibition

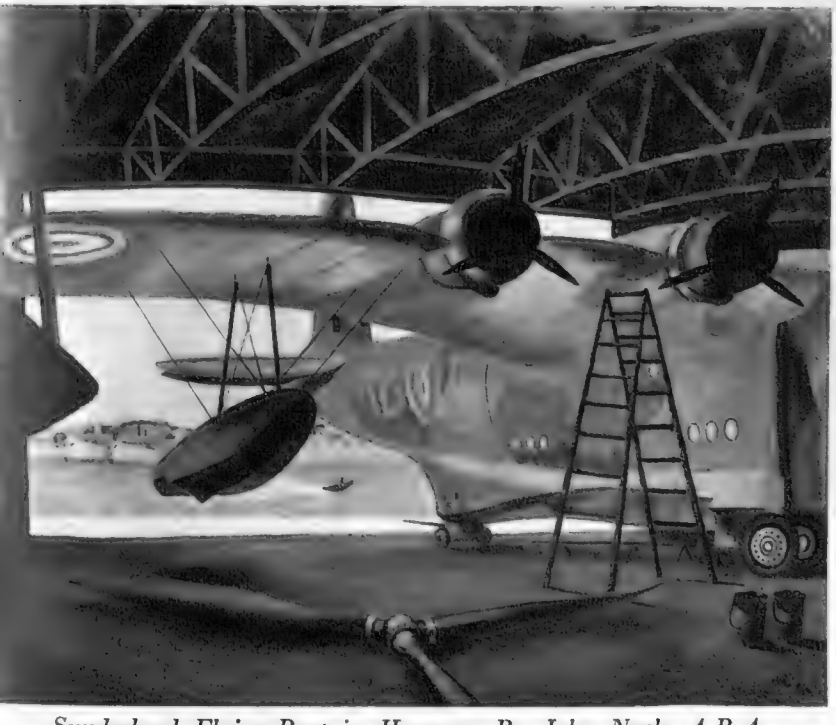
Sergeant Wireless Operator: By Keith Henderson

Barrage Balloons Outside a British Port: By Eric Ravilious

odrome: By Keith Henderson

A Wellington Bombing-Up: By Capt. Cuthbert Orde

Last week we published pictures of ships from the extremely interesting British War Artists' Exhibition at the National Gallery—ships at Dunkirk, in harbour, in Norway. This week we have chosen seven paintings of airmen, aeroplanes and balloons from the same show. Two of these are by Keith Henderson, who is one of the full-time artists appointed to the Air Ministry, and the others are by men working on commission, like John Nash and Eric Ravilious, or whose work, produced independently, has been purchased by the Ministry of Information Artists' Advisory Committee. Unrepresented in this selection is Paul Nash, the other salaried artist attached to the Air Ministry. His water-colours of crashed German 'planes have been judged the most moving, most imaginative pictures so far contributed to the exhibition. But in photographs almost all their power and quality is lost, and we have therefore not done them the injustice of reproducing them. Incidentally, critic Eric Newton made the following comment on the selection of Paul Nash as an official war artist (although he also held that post in 1917-18): "It was a daring appointment—rather like asking T. S. Eliot to write a report on the Louis-Farr fight or Stravinsky to compose a march for the Grenadier Guards. . . ." On the following page are four pictures by another artist, Edward Ardizzone, who works for the War Office



Sunderland Flying-Boat in Hangar: By John Nash, A.R.A.

An Air Gunner in a Turret—Sergeant G. Holmes, D.F.M.: By J. Mansbridge

Off Duty

Edward Ardizzone Observes the Man Behind the Uniform

The War Artists' Exhibition is full of pictures of machines and of men in relation to those machines. Edward Ardizzone, like his great predecessors in caricature, the French Daumier, to whom in subject, style and treatment he shows a strong affinity, and the English Rowlandson, whose tradition he is said to have inherited, looks at the man behind the metier. He is concerned with the ridiculous, clumsy race of human beings, whether they are privates or priests, A.T.S. or prostitutes or soldiers' sweethearts, and his observations have a detachment and penetration that makes their mockery both contemporary and timeless. He is a full-time War Ministry artist, and spent some time in France with the B.E.F.

Soldiers and Their Girls — Salisbury

Out of Bounds for All Ranks

War Memorial, Vieux Berquin

An Evening Parade of L.D.V.s in Their Early Days

Old Bill and Co. : By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Have they gone yet?"

J. B. Priestley—Crusader With a Pipe

After the Prime Minister, Mr. Priestley, whose Sunday night Postscripts have made him one of the most popular men in the country. He speaks for ordinary people everywhere, expressing their thoughts and hopes, and sometimes their discontents. But he is much more than the slipper-and-pipe man he called himself two weeks ago. He is a crusader as well, a crusader for a new world where the liberty, equality, and brotherhood in which he passionately believes will be real, a world worth fighting for, both now and in the difficult days of peace. Mr. Priestley is not afraid of idealism, and perhaps his most inspiring gift as a speaker is his power of making ideals seem practical possibilities, things in which plain commonsensical men can be interested without fear of being labelled dreamers. As a practical crusader himself he has fought in the last few months two battles—for books when the purchase tax threatened the whole publishing and bookselling industry, and for music when the London Philharmonic Orchestra was on the edge of financial disaster. (Both battles were won.) Finally there is Mr. Priestley's job as interpreter of Great Britain to the English-speaking world, a job he performs in the small hours when he broadcasts to the North American Continent

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Silver Spoons

By V. S. Pritchett

"If you want to be a writer these days, it's no good being born with a silver spoon in your mouth. The thing is to be caught with the silver spoons in your pocket." This epigram is Mr. Mark Benney's, the highbrow of the lower depths, and the only novelist we have who really knows the Soho underworld. His new novel, *The Big Wheel* (Peter Davies; 8*s.* 6*d.*), is not about that seamy region itself, but about those who are scrambling, precariously and fascinated, on its slippery edge. It is the most ambitious of his books, because he attempts to trace the social and psychological roots of crime in the course of his story; and if there is something gauche and jaw-breaking in his psycho-analytical theorisings and introspections, he has now got to the point where he can be ironical about them. There is a saving streak of the perpetual exhibitionist in him, and the story-teller or artist is beginning to get a grip of the quack. One who knows low life as well as he does is bound to be infected by its egoism, its vanity, and by the typical sentimentality that life among the "ponces," the "fences" and "wide guys" of Soho is "real," the rest a middle-class dream. Still, Mr. Benney is beginning to live this idea down. *The Big Wheel* is supposedly written by an ex-burglar who has decided to reform by way of journalism. He becomes the secretary of a young free-lance journalist who, as it turns out, has one foot in the underworld. The narrator's main business is piecing together the facts of the journalist's life, and the result is a psychological portrait, horrible, but human and absorbing. Eric is brilliantly drawn. He is the slum boy from the reformer's "ideal" tenements, determined to get rich, full of restless brilliance and drive, but entirely unbalanced, terrified and neurotic. He is blackmailed by a terrible woman called Phœbe, a "fence" who has dominated him since the shames of his childhood, and she holds him like an evil octopus. Eric is a self-intoxicated man, showy, unreliable, playing poker with his many personalities. He is a great physical coward, and boasts of this too. And yet—note here the thoroughness of Mr. Benney's portrait—he has the enormous courage of the neurotic. He has got out of the slum and now, "whenever he received a cheque he had won a victory—and he hastened to consolidate it by turning it into tangible spoils of war: an electrical gadget, a few new books, some new article of furniture or clothing. Eric spent all his money within a few days of receiving it; and he spent with an aggressive flourish, as though he were defying the world. . . . But it was not even in this defiance . . . that his deepest courage lay. . . . It was in the feeling underlying most of his moods, that some day a bitter price would be exacted for these petty triumphs, and on the recklessness with which he set it at naught, that he seemed to me to display a bravado worthy of a Henley hero."

Phœbe, with her fair-ground brothel, her drinking clubs and race-gang friends, has a hold on Eric and on her own son, a punch-drunk boxer—excellently drawn—and Eric, whose mind is nothing more than any daily paper's front page, murders her in the end to make a Fleet Street scoop. This is, of course, going too far. It is a pity Mr. Benney turned to melodrama. There is also a tedious duplication of character in Louis, the philosophical friend with his psychological theories, and the ex-burglar. Mr. Benney's strongest points are wit, a restless, over-excited mind, a bottomless pessimism, and a wonderful ear for the dialogue of his people. Here are the burglar and the boxer:

"'I came out about a month ago,' I said. 'I did 18 months at Wandsworth.'

"'Wodger, get done for?' he asked sympathetically.

"'Screwing,' I said.

"'The berks!' he said feelingly, and added: 'I done a carpet at the Ville.'

"'What for,' I asked.

"'V'lent assault,' he said. 'But someone mixed it for me. I never done it, they mixed it for me. Found me finger-prints on a broken bottle what somebody'd been glassed wiv, en said I done it. But I never! Me, I don't use glasses.'"

Ill at ease, full of attitudes, posings and intellectual self-mortification, Mr. Benney can be tiresome, but he is interestingly tiresome, and his people and their seamy streets are real.

***Evelyn Fabyan**, author of "Painted Toys," a novel published last week, is, in fact, a pair of collaborators, Mrs. Elizabeth Wolfe and Mrs. Fabienne Lafargue, who are also collaborators in ambulance-driving in Chelsea. Mrs. Wolfe, Sir John Heygate's sister, is a former British squash rackets captain. Mrs. Lafargue, daughter of the late Brethous Lafargue, poet and critic of the "Revue des Deux Mondes," is the French translator of Lord Alfred Douglas's poems*

"Loss of Eden," by Douglas Brown and Christopher Serpell (Faber; 7*s.* 6*d.*), is a cautionary political tale written for those who ask whether, after all, it would not be better to cry quits and patch up a peace with Hitler. An Anglo-German alliance against Bolshevism is the bait, the old Sir Horace Wilson game; and the authors show how this ingenuous policy would work out. Theirs is an important fable, for they have been clever enough to show, with great plausibility, the stages by which Hitler would turn us into another Austria. Are English politicians ever again likely to be as gullible as the men of Munich, to be deceived by an enemy who flatters them into a state of coma by using their own clichés and platitudes, and then acts before they realise what they have signed away? Not now. Yet it would be absurd to deny that there were toughs among our sentimentalists of the Munich period, and that a sudden turn to alliance, censorship, anti-Semitism, and "peaceful" invasion to "restore order" would still be possible in an exhausted country which was not alert. The obvious weakness of *Loss of Eden* is that it is about a peace from which the war is left out, but I wish that everyone in England would read this book. It is very well done.

I will not say that Mr. Wm. La Varre is the Münchausen of travel in Central America, but he has an eye for what they call "an angle" on a story, and that angle is always pretty steep. From *Southward Ho* (Heinemann; 12*s.* 6*d.*) you get a double pleasure: the pleasure of Mr. La Varre's adventures, the pleasure of wondering how much steeper and taller the tale of them is going to become. A tap on the shoulder in Yucatan and an elderly hidalgo is there, narrowing his eyes and asking the señor if he would like to go fifty-fifty with him in the discovery and marketing of the whole of the Maya gold, whose hiding-place he (the hidalgo), of course, knows. The answer, of course, is "It's a deal." And the old gentleman takes off his clothes and dives naked into the icy water of an underground cave, only to be fished out by the affectionate Mexican police, who explain that "the old 'un" is "off again," and will have to go back to the asylum. Then there is the chewing-gum industry. Cheerfully you chew your gum, without realising that in the forests of Guatemala one known as El Bruto rules a kingdom of crooks who, between shooting each other off in batches, are tapping the chiclero gum for you. A poisonous sap blinds them; insects eat away their ears, but still the world consumption of chewing-gum goes up. Then there are the Quiche girls, who are "talked to death" if they play at miscegenation. And I will say nothing about Mr. La Varre being abducted by an island of lonely ladies in the Caribbean, for it might be thought I was cribbing from Dumas. Mr. La Varre is as good a story-teller as that. He is one of the grand simplifiers, the happy Jorkens. His stories have no mere sting in their tail. They have a tail which whacks you over. He is enormous fun.

"Bystander" Short Story

Aliens, Spies and So On

By Martin Hawkin : *Illustration by Kiddell-Monroe*

ANGUS MACDONALD stood in the doorway of his old-clothes shop in Queen's Terrace, framed by coats and suits as a *reine des vendanges* is framed by a vine-covered arch. His face showed no trace of emotion as two enemy aliens, category C, marched down the street in the charge of an apologetic C.I.D. man. The best suit of Dr. Melanchek, still bearing the label of a good Vienna tailor, hung by Macdonald's right cheek. He had bought it recently for six shillings. It was now marked "Nearly new: 21s." Also forgotten on this July morning in London was the day when Macdonald, then Marbildt, had taken large tips from young Carlo von Freimuth. He watched Melanchek and Freimuth and the detective turn the corner towards the Franklyn Place police station, and then only did the ghost of a smile appear on the face of the Scot.

His foresight in getting out of Germany in 1933 and his luck in getting his naturalisation papers through on August 21st, 1939, were underlined in a delightful way by the little scene he had just witnessed.

"More aliens going in, I suppose," said an elderly servant who had paused to watch.

"What makes you think that, ma'am?" said Macdonald.

"Oh!" she said, "the fat little one is a Dr. Something, a German. He used to come to our house before the war. Of course, we wouldn't have him now. . . . I say, did you hear about that flashing light in No. 2?"

"No."

"Mrs. Bait saw it. Reported it, she did. Every night about eleven, flash, flash, flash-flash, flash it went, like that. And the funny thing was, it could only be seen from her room. And what 's more, it wasn't going last night when I went up with her to have a look. That proves that the man 's been took in with this new lot. . . . Can't have enough Germans in prison for my liking. . . ."

AT Franklyn Place police station, plain-clothes policemen and an assortment of aliens stood round uneasily, as people do who have an uncertain social relationship.

Melanchek, the Viennese, was a short and stocky man, his hair prematurely white but his thick eyebrows still black. He stood quite still, grasping his battered fibre suitcase and trying not to think of his wife, until he was called in to the inspector's office.

"Melanchek, sir?" said the station sergeant.

"Melanchek, Dr. Otto Theodore Auguste," said the Inspector. "Is that right, an 'e' on Auguste?"

"Yes. My mother was French."

"Born Vienna 14 January, 1893. Arrived U.K. 12 July, 1938. Occupation: None."

"No. That is wrong. I am a professor of forestry. I am now nearly complete with a work on war forestry recommendations for Great Britain. I shall offer it."

"Never mind that now. You 'll be able to complete that in the camp. Who did he come in with?"

"Detective Ross, sir, and one other." The sergeant consulted his papers. "Freemouth."

"Are you a friend of Freemouth's?" asked the Inspector.

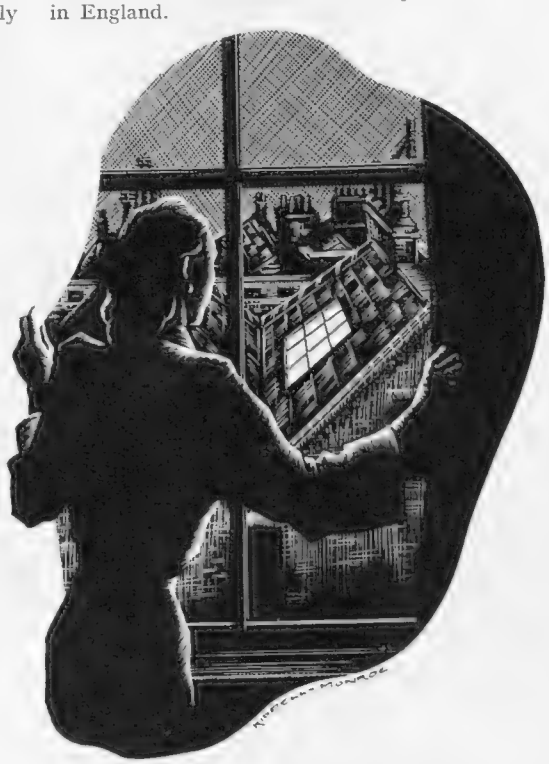
"Emphatically no. He is a German pervert of the worst sort."

"All right, all right. Next."

Freimuth was next. He was elegantly dressed and he brought with him a delicate but pervading scent. Two little black eyes shone in his large face. His complexion was that of a man who is used to the attentions of an expensive barber—lotioned, hot-towelled and powdered.

"Good morning," he said.

The two policemen immediately felt themselves ill at ease. Here, but for his passport, was the kind of person whose complaint about the loss of a gold cigarette-case would be treated with consideration in any station in England.



"Mrs. Bait saw it. Reported it, she did"

"Freemouth, Carlo von. . . . I wonder if that ought to go down under 'V' or 'F'? The Inspector turned some leaves, the sergeant leaning over him and breathing.

"Where have you been since you left Germany, Mr. Freemouth?"

"Oh! France, Egypt, California. . . ." He smiled charmingly.

"Thank you. Next one."

A small man with a moustache was shown in. He clicked his heels and said, as if he were barking an insult at the Inspector, "Feuerbrandt."

"Fewerbrand, Adolf," read the sergeant.

"Doand put me mit Jews, that all I ask. Doand put me mit Jews."

"When did you come to England?" asked the Inspector, ignoring the request.

"Owgust 1939, I came, to see after my cotton business. Then I become kept here. But it woand be for long."

"Why not?"

"Because," said the little man, with the air of one who tells children of the sure arrival of Santa Claus, "because when Hitler komm, he send me back to my cotton mills. He doand need me here."

The Inspector and the sergeant exchanged glances, and the latter placed his forefinger to his forehead and rotated it twice.

"Can't think why he didn't go in sooner," said the Inspector, when Feuerbrandt had gone.

The sergeant looked at his papers. "He was vouched for by an M.P., sir."

"Next one." . . .

OUTSIDE the clearing-house for aliens in North London stood a police constable, a military guard and a civilian. The guard, a lively Cockney private, carried a 1912 rifle and wore empty, much-blanco'd ammunition pouches. The civilian, a scruffy little man, was well known in neighbouring pubs as Charley; he carried on an illicit book-making business.

"See this," he said, unrolling his paper, "'New round-up of aliens.'"

"And a good thing, too," said the policeman. "You can't have too many Jerries in prison for my liking."

"Once a German, always a German," said the soldier. "Still, some of 'em in here aren't a bad lot."

"You 're wrong there," said Charley, vehemently. They 're all low blackguards Why, look at what they did to you chaps at Dunkirk, and are planning to do again!"

"He 's right," said the policeman.

"Lucky thing we 're ready for 'em this time," said Charley. "Why," and he turned to the soldier, "your second battalion is up in Suffolk now, digging trenches, so I heard yesterday."

"That just shows you what rumours go around," said the soldier. "I had a letter from my mate this morning—" He searched in vain in his pockets. "Anyhow, he 's in the 2nd Battalion and he 's at Liverpool waiting to go to Ireland. It just shows you."

"People can't keep their mouths shut, that 's the trouble," said the policeman.

"By the way, did you do anything about that so-called blind man I told you about?" asked Charley.

"Wot, the one walking up and down here tapping the pavements?"

"Yes."

"No. I never seen him yet. But I 'm keeping my eyes skinned."

There was a pause, Charley lighting a cigarette before the envying eyes of the two men on duty.

"I see a Major was cashiered the other day for giving away military secrets when drunk," he said, puffing luxuriously.

"Go on!" said the sentry.

"He was. In the papers. The fact is . . ."—Charley lowered his voice—"from what I 've heard of a lot of officers, they 're no better than fifth columnists. And the higher you go, the worse it is. Well, cheero all."

PUNCTUALLY at eleven, Charley entered his usual pub, replied to greetings, ordered a Bass, sat down at a table in a corner and started to write in a notebook. A man came over and surreptitiously placed a shilling to win for the three-thirty.

"See any more of those marks on the wall, Jim?"

"Naow."

"It was code, I 'm damn sure."

"Course it was. That 's the spy's first problem—communications, 'ow to get the information to 'is mates, see. And I congratulate meself that we broke that little line down. Too sharp for 'em, eh?"

"Sure. Keep yer eyes skinned, pal."

Charley had another Bass and then tore a page out of his notebook. On it was written:—

"WEEKLY REPORT 43

"I HAVE carried out as instructed routine patrols of Area 7. I have spread with success rumours *re* secret weapon and *re* incompetence of leadership as instructed. I beg to report for your information that the 2nd Bn. Somerset Borderers is now at Liverpool for embarkation to Ireland. May I point out I have had no expense accounts payments for three weeks now. These amount to £24 2s. 4d. in addition to regular salary.—C."

He placed this in an envelope, addressed it to Angus Macdonald, 114, Queen's Terrace, W.2, and stuck a stamp on it. He then saluted his friends and left.

THE END.

***The staff dining-room** is served by this French girl, who is married to a man in the Free French Forces. Here the voluntary staff of the Hadfield-Spears unit have their meals*

***Tea-making** is the Hon. Mrs. David Tennant, formerly Virginia Parsons, daughter of the late Alan Parsons and Viola Tree. She married Lord Glenconner's brother as his second wife two years ago*

***Head** of the unit is Mrs. E. L. Spears (Mary Borden). In the evenings she takes charge of the library, which is open from 7 to 9 p.m. From the shelves of French novels and belles-lettres soldiers can take a book for 1s., the money returnable when the book comes back*

Are You Being Served?

The "Bystander's" Canteen Series

No. 33. The Hadfield-Spears Canteen for the French Forces

When the Hadfield-Spears Field Hospital eventually reached England, after retreating from Champagne (where they were attached to the gallant French Fourth Army) to the Aisne, from the Aisne to the Loire, and finally to Bordeaux, where they were taken aboard an English cruiser, the first act of their leader, Mrs. E. L. Spears—better known till then as novelist Mary Borden—was to offer the services of her unit to General de Gaulle and the Forces Françaises Libres. Within twenty-four hours she opened a canteen at Olympia, and later another one in the country, where the N.A.A.F.I. handed over to her their excellent canteen premises and equipment. The canteen is open from 12.15 to 1.30 p.m. and from 6.15 to 9.15. No hot dishes are served, as these are catered for at the mess, but hundreds of cakes are sold, and cigarettes, coffee, tea, beer and milk, which is particularly popular with the men. Mrs. Spears' staff at the camp, where these pictures were taken, consists of drivers of the Mechanised Transport Corps, many of whom were attached to the field hospital in France, three nurses and five canteen workers. Nurses and drivers, when not needed for their own jobs, also help in the canteen. Most of them live in the camp in quarters set apart for the unit

***Head** of the Hadfield-Spears canteen in London is the Hon. Mrs. Henley, the late Lord Sheffield's daughter. She was visiting the out-of-London canteen the day these pictures were taken, and was selling copies of "France," the newspaper of free Frenchmen in England*

***New recruit** to Mrs. Spears' small army of helpers is Miss Diana Reed, here selling cakes to a French soldier. Note: no photograph showing a French soldier's face may be published, hence the deliberately-turned backs above and below*

***Cigarettes** at the tobacco kiosk are all English, French ones being unobtainable. Window-dressing below are Miss Williams and Miss Falroth, who both served with Mrs. Spears' field hospital as nurses*

Outside Influences

Keep Warm This Winter

A warm coat is going to be on duty every day this winter, so choose one for wearing qualities as well as an attractive appearance. At Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly Circus, they have a very practical collection, including the model above. This is skilfully tailored in a fleece-finished cloth, the broad shoulders emphasised by self-stitching. Details such as the sash belt, the two hip pockets and the adaptable neckline, give it individuality. And—an important point for wartime budgets—the price is only three guineas. They have it in several different colours

Fur coats have become valuable war material. At a parade recently arranged by the Board of Trade models worth £100,000 were shown. They are being sent to Canada under the auspices of the British Fur Trade Export Group, on its first collective selling campaign to develop export trade. The coats included a model in British-bred mink and others, at the opposite end of the price-scale, skilfully worked in rabbit skins. The coat on the right, charmingly designed with full bishop sleeves and a hood that can be worn as a collar, is in ocelot trimmed with beaver.

Roedean Goes to Keswick

The Famous Girls' School in Its War Quarters

***Built** sixteen years before Roedean was founded, the Keswick Hotel now revolves its door with "Welcome" over it to a younger entry than it is used to. Most of the girls have brought bicycles and have all Lakeland (regulations permitting) to explore*

Fifty-five years ago Roedean had just been founded by the Misses Lawrence at Brighton. Thirteen years later it had to rehouse itself in much larger, specially built quarters outside Brighton, adding a science wing, a domestic science wing, a music wing, a swimming-bath and so on, as the school grew and moved with the educational times. Now it has left all that for a Lake Country hotel, with an overflow to classrooms in a station building. Here the 350 or so girls who make up the Junior School and the four houses of the Upper School settle down for the winter term, under Miss Emmeline Mary Tanner, headmistress since 1924

***Classrooms** are in the upper part of a railway-station building adjoining the hotel. Most of the furniture was taken north when the school evacuated its 108-acres of what is now part of Britain's front line—three miles to the east of Brighton*

***Tea lounge** and smoke-room have new uses, coat-pegs carry regulation hats, macs and overcoats, and the Cumberland stag gazes down with the mild astonishment common to all his stuffed brotherhood*

***Causey Pike** and Catbells are a wonderful change of landscape from the grey autumn seas of the Channel. Some laughing, some solemn with homesickness, the girls wander among the hotel's well-kept lawns and flower-beds and rockeries*

Bombs on the West End

Since the beginning of Goering's Blitzkrieg on London, many districts have been hit; indeed, it is difficult to find one that hasn't. The West End, home of luxury, entertainment and grand hotels, has not escaped from the nocturnal visitations of the German bombers. Many familiar firms and façades are no more. Each day sees the concrete and granite visage of famous streets and passages altered by high explosive. It is now becoming the practice to wager which well-known spot will be changed next. On this page are shown a few pictures chosen from dozens of grim possibilities

***The Burlington Arcade** had been hit twice by the middle of last week. First the north end of this shoppers' and window-shoppers' paradise was brought down, and then, a day or two later, another bomb landed in the middle, burying still more expensive ties and cigarette-cases and pyjamas under rubble*

***Bond Street,** one of the half-dozen most celebrated streets in the world, now looks somewhat desolate in parts. Gieves, of Service outfitting fame, received the full blast of a bomb, and was cleaned out. Will the Germans claim this as a military objective?*

***Park Lane** was hit in several places. gardens between the bottom of Park the King and Queen's former house top of this once aristocratic street that*

The Victoria Memorial was undamaged in the second of the deliberate attacks on Buckingham Palace, although paving-stones and debris were scattered around and on to it. A big gap was blown in the railings in front of the Palace. It was in this attack that the Royal Chapel was hit

The Gaiety Theatre was shaken up, as in the last war, by a bomb which fell in the Strand and made a large and deep crater. The bombs did not win the Germans the last war; history has a habit of repeating itself

This is what one bomb did to the triangle of Lane and Hamilton Place, near the back of n Piccadilly. Other bombs fell near the sed to look so calmly over the Hyde Park trees

Oxford Street had its fair share of damage in last week's raiding. By Friday several famous stores had been hit, and dozens of smaller shops lost their windows. John Lewis (above) was practically gutted by fire on Tuesday night. Selfridge's, Peter Robinson, Bourne and Hollingsworth, D. H. Evans were among the other chief casualties

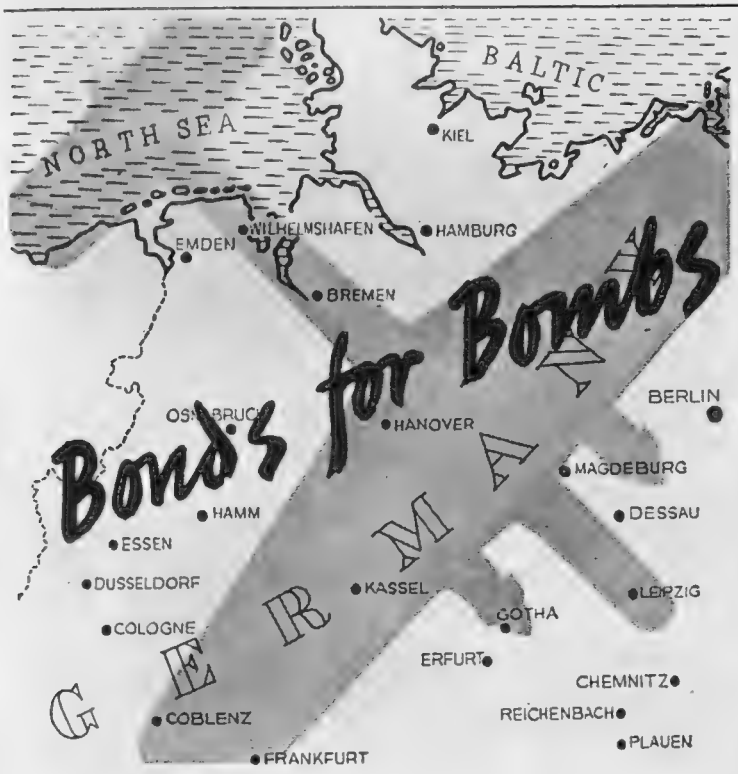
"Jim Crows," *as the Prime Minister dubbed them in his Commons speech. The sentinels on Westminster Cathedral's roof are Fathers M. J. Moriarty and J. A. Coughlan, looking for the approach of enemy aircraft during a raid alarm. So that the service may continue during warnings, Westminster Cathedral has instituted the "roof-spotting" system of observation from the tower and roofs of the building. The posts are manned by a squad of twenty, recruited from the clergy and staff*

Scrum-half *in International Rugby, G. J. Dean, the well-known athlete, is now an officer in the Royal Tank Regiment. Operating in the Western Desert, the Royal Tank Regiment is one of the units that is opposing the Italian invaders of Egypt. Due to the high temperature, tanks can only be used effectively in the early hours of morning or in the cool of the evening. With a pair of shorts, shoes and socks, Captain Dean is fully equal to the demands of the climate*

Soldier, Sailor, Spotters, Policeman

"Richelieu's" wrecker, *Lt.-Com. R. Bristowe, R.N., is here with some of his men at Cape Town, whence he dispatched them on a four days' country leave, organised by the South African Women's Auxiliary Services Hospitality Scheme. Lieut.-Com. Bristowe was in command of the motor torpedo-boat that slipped into Dakar Harbour and disabled the powerful new French battleship "Richelieu" by dropping a depth-charge under her stern and so prevented her being used against us by the enemy*

Comedian constable, *Jack Hulbert, after being in "Under Your Hat," is now under a tin one as a special policeman. In spite of the fury of the Blitz he is now rehearsing a new Palace show, "At It Again," with his wife, Cicely Courtneidge. The famous chin is at a grim slant as he stands by the wreckage caused by a German bomb in the West End. There are two ways to bring down a house, and Jack, who has had considerable experience at it, does not approve of the Nazis' method*



In Germany the targets included the docks at Kiel and Wilhelmshafen, the transformer station at Kelsterback, near Frankfurt, the Messerschmitt factory at Augsburg, oil tanks and supply depots at Mannheim, and secret aerodromes...In Italy the Fiat works at Turin and the Marelli Magneto factory at Sesto San Giovanni were again attacked ...In enemy-occupied France oil tanks in the Gironde Estuary near Bordeaux, at Pauillac, near Brest and at Cherbourg were bombed.

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Getting Married: The "Bystander's" Review of Weddings and Engagements

Air-Raid Wedding

In a wrecked Roman Catholic church in London, a war wedding took place among the charred beams and smashed glass. Fusilier Tom Dowling and Martha Coogan were the bridegroom and bride, and Father Finn, who led them over the debris to the altar, officiated

Bristow — Bibby

Dr. Thomas Richard Martin Bristow, of St. Thomas's Hospital, and Joan Frances Bibby, daughter of Mrs. Bibby, of Coombwood Cottage, Kingston, Surrey, were married at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Bristow, of Ferndean, Ashton Preston, Lancs., is a Cambridge rowing blue

Tennant — Wilkie

Captain H. T. Tennant, R.A., only son of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. C. A. M. Tennant, of Charlecote, Buxted, Sussex, and Mary Wilkie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wilkie, of Peermade, Travancore, India, were married at St. Francis of Assisi, Cochin, India

Milne — Keown

Flying Officer R. M. Milne, D.F.C., son of Captain and Mrs. Milne, of Edinburgh and Ceylon, and Rosemary James, daughter of Mrs. Keown, of 4, Fellowes Road, Hampstead, were married at St. Peter's, Belsize Park. Flying Officer Milne received his D.F.C. for skill and courage in leading his section

Bassano

Mrs. R. H. Towell

Joan Margaret Lacy was married last week at St. Mary's, Chippenham, to Brigadier Roland Henry Towell, C.B.E., M.C., son of Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Towell, of Great Missenden, Bucks. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Lacy, of Burwash Place, Sussex

Adie — Ovenstone

William Henry Scott Adie, son of the late William Scott Adie, and Mrs. Scott Adie, of 46, Elm Park Gardens, S.W.7, and Catherine Ovenstone, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Reginald R. Ovenstone, of Broughty Ferry, Dundee, were married at St. Stephen's Church, Broughty Ferry

Hutchinson — Ashcroft

Sub-Lieut. Jeremy Nicholas Hutchinson and actress Peggy Ashcroft were married at Marylebone register office. She is the daughter of the late Major and Mrs. W. W. Ashcroft, was first married to Rupert Hart-Davis and then to Theodore Komisarjevsky. He is the only son of St. John Hutchinson, K.C., and Mrs. Hutchinson, of 3, Prince Albert Road, Regent's Park

Lenare

Simson — Todhunter

Captain E. C. L. Simson, R.A., only son of Colonel Simson, of Kensington Court, W.8, was married recently at St. Luke's, Nutford Place, Bryanston Square, to Daphne Camilla Marian Todhunter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. E. Todhunter, of Kingsmoor, Great Parndon, Harlow, Essex

Newall — Fox

Peter Stirling Newall, elder son of Capt. and Mrs. G. Stirling Newall, of Shepherds Dene, Riding Mill, Northumberland, and Eleanora Patricia Cecil (Patsy) Fox, only daughter of Rear-Admiral C. H. Fox, of Stoke Abbott, Beaminster, Dorset, and the late Mrs. Fox, were married at Chelsea Old Church

(Concluded on page 416)

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Getting Married : *(Continued)*

Cain — Harris

Captain William Stockdale Cain, Lancashire Fusiliers, elder son of the late Herbert P. Cain, and Mrs. Cain, J.P., of Rosebank House, Ramsbottom, Lancs., and Joyce Emily Harris, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sidney A. Harris, of Valetta, Harrow-on-the-Hill, were married at Stubbins, Lancs.

Court — Whitcombe

Peter Roylance Court, only son of Mr. and Mrs. P. Roylance Court, of Sheppenhall Hall, Nantwich, Cheshire, and Dorothy Tyler Mavesyn Whitcombe, younger daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. A. Whitcombe, of Rodwell, Weybridge, Surrey, were recently married at Ottershaw Parish Church

Large — Pullein-Thompson

Reginald William Large, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Large, of Oxton, Cheshire, and Daphne Pullein-Thompson were married at Holy Trinity, Prince Consort Road. She is the daughter of the late Rev. J. Pullein-Thompson, and Mrs. Joseph R. Worrall, of 127, Latymer Court, W.6

Powell — Sanders

Flt.-Lt. R. Peter Powell, D.F.C., and Joan Sanders were married at Westminster Cathedral. He is the son of B. W. B. Powell, of Kenya, was decorated in May, after he had shot down ten enemy 'planes. She is the daughter of Mrs. F. Sanders, of 113, Rodney House, Dolphin Square, S.W.1, and sister of another D.F.C., Flt.-Lt. Sanders, who gave her away

Landymore — Hall

Lt. William Moss Landymore, Royal Canadian Navy, and Joan Leonore Genevieve Hall, daughter of the late John Hall, of Broughton Hall, Staffs., and Mrs. Hall, of 11, Creswell Gardens, S.W.5, were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster. He is the only son of Dr. and Mrs. Landymore, of Brantford, Ontario. The bride was given away by her godfather, Admiral Sir Edward Evans

de Las Casas — Mason

Captain Edward de Las Casas, the Rifle Brigade, and Deirdre Katherine Mason were married recently at Nairobi, Kenya. He is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. A. de Las Casas, of Tiverton, Devon. She is the younger daughter of Colonel Malcolm Mason, of Mweiga, Kenya, and Mrs. Mason, of Windsor Court, Chelsea, S.W.3

Mrs. Michael Fletcher

Celia Patience Suzanne Chamier was married recently at Ham Common to Michael Ernest Fletcher, R.E., younger son of the late Sir Carteret Fletcher, and Mrs. Hubert Taylor, of Rosmerrin, Treyarnon Bay, Cornwall. She is the daughter of Lieut.-Col. and Mrs. A. G. Chamier, of 4, Sudbrooke Gardens, Petersham, Surrey

Fairhurst — Williams

A wedding which took place quietly during the summer at Kasr-el-Nil Chapel, Cairo, was that of Francis Noel St. John Fairhurst, 7th Hussars, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. N. Fairhurst, of Whitley Ridge, Brockenhurst, Hants., and Helen Trevor Williams, youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Trevor Williams, of Cairo

Mr. Hamilton and Miss Gratton

The engagement has been announced, and the wedding will shortly take place, between Lieut. Hubert John Douglas Hamilton, R.I.N., second son of B. M. C. Hamilton, Indian Police (Ret.), and Mrs. Hamilton, of Kakamega, Kenya Colony, and Hermione Claudine Steuart Gratton, daughter of Major and Mrs. Steuart Gratton, of Bahawalpur State, India. He is a nephew of the late Major-General Sir Percy Cox, for many years the Resident in the Persian Gulf

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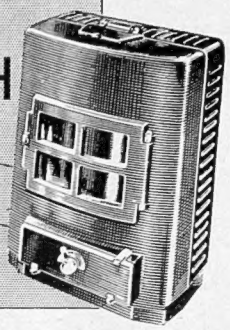

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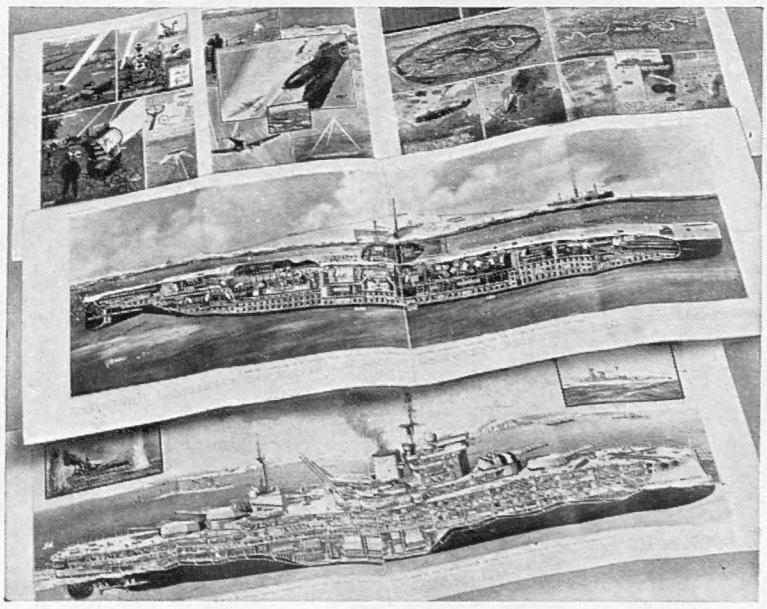

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STORIES LIKE THESE MAKE LONGER NIGHTS BRIGHTER

"HEART OF BRITISH OAK"

By PETER B. KYNE.

• • •

THE *Lancashire Maid* was in the dock at Liverpool by ten o'clock that night and Captain Hannay had young Kessler up in his quarters for a nightcap of whisky-and-soda and stated with genuine regret that in the morning they must part. "But I 'll write Hitler about you," he promised. "And I 'll write your father, too. I 'll arrange to have the British Broadcasting Corporation broadcast my letters."

"You 're a rare good sport, sir. Thank you more than I can say. What happened to that submarine?" he asked. "I heard two muffled explosions that shook the *Lancashire Maid*."

"Oh, we sank her with all hands, Frederich."

"How? There was no gunfire."

"Blew her wide open with two big depth-charges rolled off the stern of a forty-mile speed-boat I purchased especially for the job in Buenos Aires. You thought I was freighting it home for somebody, I dare say."

"But—where did you get the depth-charges?"

"The British Consul in Buenos Aires communicated with the commanding officer of the British fleet waiting off the mouth of the river for the *Graf Spee* to come out. So when we came out of the river one of our destroyers kindly gave me two large depth-charges set to explode at twenty feet. I dropped them within six feet of the submarine. She went up and she went down."

"But—how did you know you 'd have an opportunity to use them?"

"I didn't. I just guessed. Something told me you 'd break your parole given me that you 'd be a perfect guest; that you 'd telephone your father from Buenos Aires and he 'd make arrangements to get us." • • •

Read this story of the sea and submarines, in which an old navy man gets the better of German duplicity and deceit, in the September issue.

"THURSDAY NEXT AT TEN"

By RICHARD OLIVER.

• • •

"They had a wireless signal when they were well on their way—a ruddy spy in this country—*that 's* what happened," said the Wing Commander. "See how they altered course south when we all thought they were going for the Midlands. It was a damned spy with a radio."

Titus's great body seemed to shudder. "Not a radio, Tony—a wireless transmitting instrument."

"Anyway, it 's your job to collect spies," fired Tony.

"Steady—no need to flap," said the girl. "Does it mean that Thursday night's raid was not just a lucky shot?"

"It does—we never thought it was luck," Titus drawled aggravatingly and impersonally. "The enemy bombers left Denmark and Germany in three formations about eight o'clock. • • •

This exciting story tells how a girl frustrates last-minute information, given over the wireless by a fifth columnist, reaching the enemy bombers.

ARTICLES:

UNCLE SAM GIRDS HIS LOINS

by C. Patrick Thompson

An informative article on the armament problems that beset the U.S.A. to-day.

ACES WITHOUT WINGS

by Stanley Jackson

Read about the ground crews of the R.A.F., their skill and craftsmanship.

COMPLETE HOME SECTION

INTERIOR DECORATION

Look around your home and give it a new feeling. Winifred Lewis in "Old Story, New Ending" shows how this can be accomplished.

COOKERY

September is a month of plenty and Harriet Muir gives you some ideas of how to deal with the bountiful produce.

FASHIONS

Jean Burnup shows that now more than ever clothes commonsense is an enviable quality.

"A TRAITOR HAS NO HOME"

By MAY MURRAY

• • •

Sometimes she was half-frightened by his intensity. Sitting at the tables the atmosphere around him was always electric. He seemed to be chancing his fate. Often she saw that he could have passed the bank winning a small fortune. Instead he ran it once too often and lost. Something seemed always to drive him just too far. It was the same with Verna herself. The time came when she had a feeling of wanting to escape from him. He seemed never satisfied without her. It was the same at breakfast, lunch, dinner. There was nothing she could object to, except his continual presence; an almost arrogant assumption that, for the present at least, he could live her life for her, monopolise every moment.

On the last day Verna saw Emerston she made the excuse that she wanted to go shopping, but he put his hand under her arm and led her to the car and drove her to Nice. Later she was buying a lipstick and bent over a showcase to admire one of those ridiculously extravagant pieces of expensive imitation jewellery made by Lalique or Lelong. Tom bought it and handed it to her. Verna was suddenly furiously angry. His attentions had preyed on her nerves.

"What right have you to do that? It—it 's insufferable!"

"But, darling, why?" He raised his eyebrows and smiled.

"Because—well—I don't want you to do it. Surely that 's enough." She handed the ornament back to him.

"As you wish." He turned to the girl who had served him, smiling into her eyes. • • •

Read how Love made him Betray his Country and how Love made him Atone for that Betrayal.

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